

Brethren Evangelist

"I Am the Way, the Truth and the Life."—Jesus

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Editorial

The Fierce Heat Wave

As in a furnace of fire the entire west has been withered under a scorching sun and many are the hopes which have vanished. The promise of a bountiful harvest, the vast corn fields stretching hundreds of miles across the prairie, pitifully diminished under the torrid glare of the heavens, and before the hot blast of the winds, until what a few days gone was a promise of unusual fruitage became a notable and pathetic desolation.

A striking lesson this of the uncertainty of all temporal calculations. Riches have wings, some poet said truly, and in this calamity of the west how many hundred millions found wings of sirocco and pinions of solar fire, and in a few hours hurtled away beyond vision, and into nothingness. It is a vain thing for a man to pin his faith to the uncertainties of this mutable world. All things are mutable here; mutable health, mutable wealth, mutable life; and the biggest word written across earth and sky is the word *change*. Beneath the wide letters of that sorrowful word is written another, *disappointment*. And yet another at the bottom of all, *death*. So that it comes to pass that whosoever chooses the world is left desolate at last, and bankrupt, and forsaken, however much of the world he may grasp in greedy fingers. Yea he has all the profit of the man who gains the whole world and loses his own soul.

When we face such temporal calamities as this which has blighted the prairies, we have at least an opportunity to test the beautiful consolations of religion. What do temporal losses and disappointments signify to the man who has won the "true riches?" He looks upon vanishing wealth and vanishing world with a smile of complacent peace. It is but the dust that soils his feet and gives him care. The grandest thought that ever came into the soul of man is this, that he may rise superior to the world, may triumph over death, may ascend to God. To such a man what matters drought, or blight of corn, or poverty, or any fate this world alone may have in store for him.

Which Was the Hero?

The revival of the Sampson-Schley controversy, of which the American public is very weary, illustrates a feature of worldly fame which robs it of much of its dignity and glory. This disgraceful squabble over the credit for the naval victory of Santiago promises now to be settled by an official inquiry; but it will hardly be settled as long as jealousy and

envy survive, and these streams of bitterness have a wonderful perseverance in human nature. The rival claimants to the glory of a thousand murders will bequeath their quarrel to history, but this tribunal of final appeal is not always fair, and is never free from the liability of contradiction and revision.

Whatever we may think of the merits of the controversy between the two admirals, one cannot help a feeling of pity for Sampson that at the supreme moment of his life, the moment which bore the only opportunity for superlative worldly glory that would ever come to him, he was absent from the leadership of his fleet and the whirlwind of battle. That word "absent" is a fateful and a sorrowful word. How many men and women, what a vast multitude indeed, miss the supreme opportunity of their lives because they are not at the right place at the right time. The post of duty is the meeting place of honor and opportunity, but how often are we absent from the post of duty, held away by lack of diligence, by indolence, by self-indulgence, by excuses that do not justify us. How do we know but that some mighty battle, involving not merely the flimsy immortality of worldly fame, but that other immortality, that fame of the alert soul, that "glory and honor and immortality" of the well doer, may be fought in our absence, and then who or what will compensate us for our loss of an opportunity so great that a man might well train for it and watch for it a thousand years to be in readiness when the supreme moment arrives.

We have no doubt that celestial history will record the names of many heroes and their mighty deeds, and there will be this satisfaction in the reading of that it will be free from mistake and uncertainty. He will receive the credit who is entitled to it, and there will be no unseemly squabbles in the halls of eternal fame.

The Best Sermons

The best sermons are the sermons which go the farthest in the direction of helping men and women up into the true life in Christ Jesus—the sermons which are remembered on Monday and cause those who heard them to strive more earnestly to be upright, pure, and useful—the sermons which make it easier for men to be true to God, kind to their families, generous and forgiving to their enemies, hungrier for a higher, holier life. The preacher who makes a business of so studying his Bible, his people, and himself as to enable him to preach that kind of sermons, will have hearers, and souls to his ministry as well.

—Religious Telescope.